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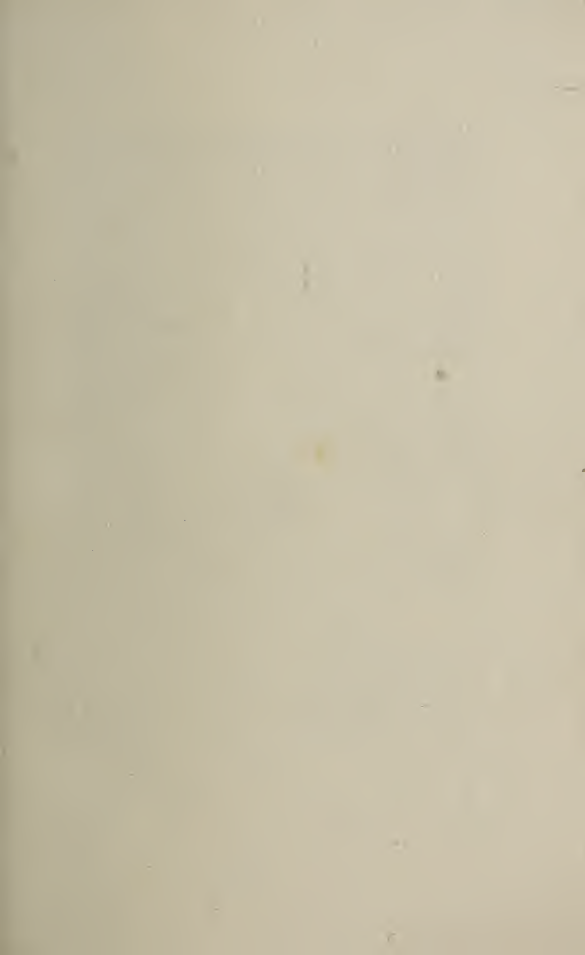
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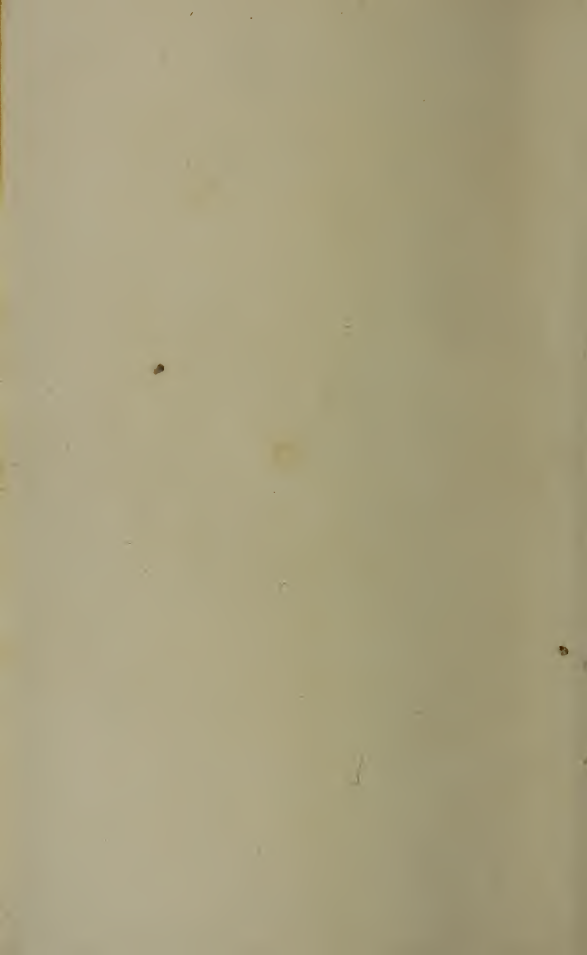
To Leslie Dagger

from Grand Pa.

Apr. 3rd / 09









THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER



THE SMILEDALE FAMILY.

Hugo 417; Osborne p 317

THE
WAY TO BE HAPPY:

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF THE

FAMILY AT SMILEDALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE STORY OF LITTLE GEORGE.

GLASGOW:

PUBLISHED BY J. LUMSDEN & SON.

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1819.

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THE  
WAY TO BE HAPPY, &c.

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IN a small village, lived a little girl known by the name of Francesca, she was about seven years old. Her father and mother loved her much, they wished to make her happy: it was their constant care to keep her from idleness; they taught her to think, that her duty to God was above every thing: she therefore never omitted bending her knee in prayer, both night and morning. She read and worked as prettily as any little maid of her age. To strengthen her memory, she frequently repeated what she learnt by rote, and the following is a little Hymn she was very fond of:

I.

By times I'll learn my God to praise,  
And early to him pray:  
My infant voice I'll strive to raise,  
Soon as the rising day.

## II.

And when night's sable curtain's drawn,  
 Again will I renew  
 The praise with which I hail the morn,  
 For oh! how much is due!

## III.

Then let my heart at once attend  
 Thy all-sufficient grace;  
 For sure on earth I've not a friend  
 Can equal thy embrace.



She usually rose with the Sun, and putting on her little red cloak, away she skipped to feed her chickens; she never stopped when she was sent to do any thing,

nor ever left the door open. When told of her faults, she never looked out of temper, but said, I am much obliged to my kind friends for putting me right: and ran smiling away; determined not to look sulky, as that would make her frightful, and people would hate to see her; then she would be quite concerned, that nobody would ask her to go to their houses, as they would say, that *cross girl* will spoil our little folk, who do every thing with cheerfulness: she remembered that to hold up her head was pleasing, and that as her friends had many children besides, she could have the less education, for which reason she must take the more pains with herself. One charming fine day a letter was brought by a servant on horseback; the letter was for Francesca; which she opened, and it contained the following lines:

My dear God-daughter,

In my visit at Smiledale, I took notice that you were very well behaved, and I think I should be quite happy to have you pass a few weeks with my little girls. The chaise shall be with you early in the morn-

ing; and with the permission of your friends, shall convey you to my house.

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

F. R.



The invitation was accepted, and Fanny was mighty busy in packing up her things, for as she always kept them in great order, she was ready at all times to go out. The next morning the kind Godmother's carriage drove to the door:—In she jumped, and away they drove—Not able to express her joy, she nodded her farewell to her



brothers and sisters, telling them she would write them a full account of her journey. In two days she reached the place she so much longed to see.—Her young friends were as impatient to see her, and out they ran to meet her.—Sweet little girls they were, each took her by the hand, and led her to their Mamma. She is come! She is come! cried they, quite out of breath with joy.—I am glad to see you, my dear, says her Godmother. She returned a very civil answer, and did not forget to carry proper compliments from the friends she had left behind. Her eyes were soon employed in observing the neatness of the place: the little folk carried her into their room, they shewed her all their little treasures: on the table where they had been sitting at, there was laid, nicely finished, a sampler on which Miss Dorothea had marked out these lines:

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

SOFT soother of my care, thou friend sincere,  
 Whose eye can melt in sympathetic tear,  
 Your kind assistance, Oh ye muses lend,  
 To greet my much belov'd, my absent friend.

Why did I, absent, call thee? whilst in mind,  
Thou'rt always faithful, ever true and kind:  
On earth a thousand cares divide us still,  
A thousand troubles separate our will;

But in those realms, where we shall meet again,  
Completest bliss will soften every pain,  
Mature our friendship, and cement our love,  
Amidst those joys which mortals can't remove.



After they had passed some time together, they returned into the parlour, when a walk in the garden was proposed, which was readily accepted. There were great variety of fine flowers, which delighted the little visitor, who never even walked

in the fields but she gathered a nosegay: she observed a flower particularly pleasing, and turning to her godmother, said, Madam, I am delighted with this, may I beg to know its name? It is called a *Gum-cistus*, my love, said she, and as you like it so much, I will tell you what you shall employ yourself about, the time you pass with us. You say you admire Dorothea's work; you shall do a sampler too, and I have some verses that will suit our purpose; we will walk to that arbour, I have the lines in my pocket-book, and will read them to you.

ON THE

## GUM-CISTUS,

*Which blows in the Morning, and falls off faded  
before Night.*

Farewell, sweet flowers of the morning sun,  
 No sooner blown than faded, past, and gone;  
 From thy short life a moral lecture springs,  
 And which, with pleasure, also profit brings,  
 Like thee, the fairest maid, in all her bloom,  
 Like thee, is hast'ning to her ev'ning doom;  
 Mark this, ye belles! ye beauties of an hour!  
 And learn your fate from yonder **Cistus flower.**

To conclude my story, the young friends were so happy together, that the visit was much longer than was at first intended, and she was greatly improved by it. The sister of Dorothea was as good and dutiful as herself; they loved each other tenderly; and, upon Francesca writing home an account of their sweet dispositions, they were requested to return with her to Smiledale, where we will leave them, and give the reader an account of some little boys in the family there.

THE  
HONEST TAR.

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THE young *Commodore*, for so we shall call our little Hero, was the third brother of Francesca:—his looks were pleasant, and his locks were curling: he was fond of those amusements which were most improving.—His book was not neglected, he even laid it on his pillow, and at an early hour read with pleasure the little stories it contained. Over the head of his bed was placed a painted book-case; two little chairs, and a small table, ornamented his sleeping room: his brother, a year younger than himself, was his little friend and companion. These dear boys did all they could to please each other; they studied, they wrote, and helped each other in their figures; their play was blended with friendship; for, when their lessons were over, they obliged each other by good-nature. It was in the midst of a merry game, one Twelfth night, that a large Plumb-cake arrived: the direction was, *To that Son of*

*Mirth the Commodore.* Well, a knife is fetched, and the cake is cut—but first, I should have said, a letter was enclosed, with the following lines:



Dear Fred.

This cake comes from a friend, who hears of your being a good child.—For every *well-read* lesson, you will be entitled to a large slice of the contents of this parcel; I doubt not but you will think of your brothers and sisters when you eat it.

I remain your sincere friend,

**SOMEBODY.**

Some time after this, our little man had so much improved himself, that he was able to read, write, and spell with any of his age—he was never a friend to idleness; so that his days passed pleasantly along, and when night came, he knelt down, and thanked his God that his mind was at ease: his parents most days having the pleasure of calling him worthy of their love and affection. He waked too with calmness, and sometimes used to repeat some lines that were taught him by his sister, and being applicable to a virtuous and peaceful breast, suited his tender innocence.

To deck the face with sweetest bloom,  
 And won each worthy heart;  
 To cheer the heart, and chace its gloom;  
 Let virtue ne'er depart.

So shall no fear, nor conscious glow,  
 With crimson dye the cheek;  
 But smiling meekness mark the brow,  
 Where pleasing blushes speak.

The mind thus pure and free from guile,  
 Retir'd from care and state;  
 Unenvy'd viewing wealth, or power,  
 More lasting joys await.



Our little man, upon quitting his apartment, offered up his grateful thanks to his Maker, for his sweet and refreshing sleep. He then washed himself and combed his hair. And after inquiring about the health of his friends, got his breakfast in a very proper and peaceable manner; in short, so good a life brought him a fine reward.—He was worth a nice bright guinea—it was laid out to buy a chance of a lottery ticket—He was, on a fortunate day, taking a walk with his brothers and sisters, when the letter-bag produced this epistle to his Father:



SIR,

This informs you, that your Son  
 FREDERICK, has been so lucky as to get  
 the ten thousand pound prize. I am,

Your humble Servant,

T. GOODLUCK,

The lucky rogue jumpt as high as the  
 house.—Divided the prize into ten parts,  
 giving to each a share—He kissed his  
 brothers and sisters, saying, How very  
 happy I am, that I am enabled to make  
 you all as happy as myself. His parents  
 were pleased with this generosity in their  
 little son, and giving him twenty kisses,  
 they exclaimed, Those only deserve the  
 riches of this life, who are so well inclined  
 to share them with the good and virtuous:

THE HISTORY  
OF  
**SWEET-PEA;**  
OR  
PHILIP SMILER.



To Describe, gentle reader, the little Person with whom I am about to make you acquainted, I must draw his picture.—My little fat friend, then, I shall introduce by the name of SWEET-PEA,—being so pleasant a lad, that no flower in the garden could better suit the comparison—His

looks were mild and gentle—He was one of those happy children, on whose countenance good-nature had placed two sweet dimples.—He was mighty active at tumbling, notwithstanding his make was rather against such exploits, being the very greatest likeness possible to those little *fat white gentry* we frequently see tumble out of a nut.—Our little man had some very good friends in town, and every Christmas a large parcel of plums were sent the little SMILERS, who used to jump round a large dish of *Snap-dragon*, over which they burnt



their fingers, and sometimes their mouths. It was on one fine pleasant evening, in the

height of Summer, that our Sweetpea had been running and tumbling with his little companions, when, tired with play he laid himself down upon the grass and fell asleep. When he awoke, he looked round with surprise, and seeing his brothers coming to find him, he started up.—I have such a pleasant story to tell you, my boys, says he;—come with me, and I will get you, Frederick, to write it out—for though it is but a dream, it is a very clever one, I promise you.—They then placed themselves at their table, the little Commodore dipped his pen in the ink, and thus began:

After I had laid myself down, I fell asleep, and I thought I heard a sound like a trumpet—I then saw a large party of horsemen clothed in scarlet. After them came a nice Tim-whisky, with six beautiful white hobbies; on the sides of the carriage were painted Sweetpeas, Roses, and Sweet-briar. Upon their arrival, they presented a wreath of flowers, with which they crowned me, and placed me in the whisky—Immediately a shout proclaimed me King of the good boys—We flew through the air, and I found myself at the

King's palace. He smiled upon me, and turning to his little son, "Observe, (says he) that dutiful child, he fears God—he honours his parents."—I was struck with astonishment, and bowing with the most profound respect, I some how turned myself upon my Dog Trusty's tail, (who laid close behind me) his barking awoke me, which finished my dream.



The boys ran down stairs with the paper to their father, who commended the writing:—It was indeed an agreeable dream, says he, and I will add a few words at the bottom of your paper.

“ Who would not rejoice at the smiles  
‘ of Majesty, and more so when crowned  
‘ with so much goodness?—Yet, my dear  
‘ Sweetpea, were your sleeping thoughts  
‘ realised, I should warn you to beware of  
‘ pride; always keep in your mind, that  
‘ no earthly Prince can be equal to the  
‘ King of Kings. Nor can the favours of  
‘ the rich, if wicked men be an object  
‘ worthy your imitation. Turn then, thine  
‘ eyes, thou dear child, from wicked  
‘ men and boys; regard not their laugh-  
‘ ing at your just actions; but in some re-  
‘ tired corner kneel down, bend your head  
‘ and heart before your God, he will place  
‘ you, not to be the supporter of a Prince’s  
‘ train, but will adorn you with a crown  
‘ of shining gold, intermixed with flowers  
‘ of laurel that will never fade.”

THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
**HENRY LILY;**  
OR  
THE PRETTY SNOWDROP,

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IN a garden belonging to the Gentleman before mentioned, grew some very nice flowers,—one in particular he selected to transplant into a remarkable pretty greenhouse, which he had built at the end of a long walk leading from his house. The flower grew very fast, and every day he saw it with additional satisfaction; when blown fair and white, it was known by the name of a *Lily*; it was from the particular fancy he took in cultivating this *Lily*, he determined to give the name of it to a little boy of his, not yet four years old.—No one could be more pleased than was



our little man.—His father, who was very fond of Gardening, used to employ this little son of his in assisting to water the flowers, &c. for which purpose, he had a pretty watering pot—he likewise had (bought for him at the fair) a wheel-barrow, just big enough for him to drive about. His rake and spade were suitable to his size—so that when he had said his prayers, stood still to be washed, and done every thing he was bid, (in particular read a very good lesson) away he ran for his hat, and following his father into the garden. After working till he was a little ti-



red, he used to sit down in a little arbour made on purpose for him and his little companions; the smell of the sweet flowers, and the beauty of their colours, with



the pretty singing birds around, made him think himself the happiest child in the world.—His favourite Dog, Trusty, laid at his feet.—The pretty Robin Redbreasts fed out of his hand, upon the crumbs of bread which he saved when he got his breakfast. He grew up goodnatured, and in time became, by being so good a boy, gardener to the Queen of the Fairies, and her Majesty used to say, no flowers were

so fragrant, or fruit so sweet, as our Lily's. A kind friend of his being informed that he began to grow proud with these praises, wrote him this letter:

Dear Henry,

I understood you are grown rather proud, because the Queen thinks you her best gardener. I desire you will write me word if this bad news be true: It concerns me so much to hear it, I can write no more, and am, with earnest wishes for your amendment,

Your faithful Friend.

Lily was very unhappy to find Envy had spread so false a report.—He did not delay a moment to ease the mind of the kind writer of the epistle, and sent the following answer directly;

My Good Friend,

I am very sorry any one should think me proud; which I have always been taught was very wrong. I hope never to forget the good advice of my parents. Her Majesty is so worthy herself, she would not

suffer me near her, if she thought I was undutiful; she permits me to make presents of fruits and flowers to my friends.—I send you by her orders, some of my best pine apples. I frequently think of my dear friends, and hope you will partake with them, of what I send from the produce of my garden, they are the tribute of thanks from your grateful

HENRY LILY.

We here see, my little readers,—that to be mindful when we are young of the advice of our parents, will be the means of our lasting comfort through life—to be honest to our trust—just in our dealings, faithful to our friends, will not only raise us above want, but make us easy in our minds here, and completely happy hereafter. I have now finished my story of little Lily, who, should he prove a good man, will rejoice the hearts of his friends, in whatever station he may chance to be placed.

THE STORY

OF

LITTLE ECHO.

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IN the same family with our pretty little friends, lived one more favourite child, he the rather gained that appellation, as being the youngest, his looks were brave, and his whole countenance enlivened by a pair of black eyes—he had a happy address to every stranger, his heart seemed opening to a fund of friendship. His hand was ever ready to welcome the visitors, and they always found him willing to let them share in stores of cakes or apples. His voice was equally devoted for the entertainment of his friends—he would raise his voice to the highest pitch when asked to sing.—The conversation of the company usually struck him so much, that he repeated part of their words, which gained

him the name of ECHO—he would even attempt the actions of an Hero—not from pride, for that was a passion unknown to his youthful breast—Summer and winter were alike to him. As the former gave him the pleasure of running in the pleasant fields, so the latter passed in jumping about, and varying the scene by becoming a hobby himself, or making nags of his brothers, Sweetpea or Henry



Lily.—in the garden of the latter he was frequently too active, by putting the pots of flowers in the wrong places, and was sometimes tempted to take a sprig from the

nice green myrtles. Upon these occasions his elder brother used to read him a lecture, and Frederick stepping up stairs one day, when Echo had taken this liberty, sat himself down and wrote to him as follows:

My sweet Boy,

Let me beg of you to leave off this silly trick of meddling with our flowers and evergreens—it is not that we wish to deprive you of a nosegay; but Mamma has always told us, it is like stealing to take away what belongs to others, without their leave; and I always think of what she once told me, “they who would steal a pin, would steal a larger thing.” As I am older than you, I hope you will love me the better, for telling you what I have myself been taught was right. I am sure, any thing I can get for you (by leave) I shall be happy to do, and Pea and Lily will certainly be glad to oblige you. Remember, my little dear, this advice comes from your truly affectionate Brother,

FRED. SMILER.

Now our little Friend, not being able to read his Brother's epistle—the four little

men repaired to the snug arbour before mentioned, their faithful Dog Trusty wagged his tail, and laid himself at their feet.—Sweetpea opened and read aloud, all were pleased, Echo promised never to touch any thing without leave.—And Mrs. Trimmer's little *Robin Redbreast*, who had sat listening to the melody of their innocent voices, perched upon our little man's finger, and straining his cheerful notes, re-echoed their praises—then flew with the pleasing news to his mate and little family.—Young *Robin*, with *Dicky*, *Flappy*, and *Pecksy*, flew to the arbour and sung these dear little companions one of their choicest songs, as a reward for their goodness. As ECHO grew up, he was fond of rhyming: he repaired to his arbour, and taking out his pencil, wrote these lines on the New Year to his brother:

## I.

To wish you many a happy year,  
 Your brother means to try;  
 But fears he undertakes a task,  
 That is for him too high.

## II.

His tender age, his knowledge weak,  
 How can he well explain,

What much he wishes, that you may  
True happiness attain.

## III.

That you may live, to see each year,  
More comfort and delight;  
If good and honest, there's no doubt  
But God will you requite.

## IV.

Here I conclude—I've puzzled much  
To make my verses rhyme;  
And if you chuse to correspond,  
I'll write another time.

This early production was soon succeeded by a second; the loss of his sister's favourite Canary bird, set him to work again, an elegy was soon finished, and presented to MARIA SMILER.

The morn was bright when MARY sought in vain  
To please her ear with fond Canary's strain;  
As near his cage, she cast an eager look;  
Her mind misgave—she found his perch forsook.  
Ah! where's my bird? I fear, full sure he's flown,  
And left his old companion, here, alone.  
The sorrow strong in Bully's eye she found,  
His notes were silent, and his wing sunk down,  
But at the sight of her he lov'd most dear,  
His voice return'd, to check the falling tear.



When thus, dear maid, in accents soft he sung,  
 Thy bird's bequest hung fault'ring on his tongue:  
 "Mourn not my loss, you still retain a friend,  
 Tell our fair Mistress, you beheld my end;  
 And lo! with gratitude to fate I bend.  
 With dear MARIA my cage I leave,  
 To WILLIAM kind, my fountain give,  
 To deck the same with nicest green,  
 And soothe the solitary scene.  
 GILBERT hath oft procur'd me meat,  
 To him I give my sugar sweet.  
 To Bully, partner of my care,  
 I give my hempseed—charming fare."  
 These were his notes—in dying strain,  
 He clos'd his eyes—all help was vain.

The life of a poet being but a poor one—  
 it was concluded, his turn being for  
 books, to fix him in a Stationer's shop,  
 where he might amuse and improve his  
 leisure hours. He proved an industrious  
 lad; and gained the friendship of his mas-  
 ter, by which means, he was an example  
 worthy of the imitation of all young men.  
 —What a blessing is bestowed upon those,  
 who, in their youth, regard the precepts  
 of their elders: who, by experience are  
 taught, that to be easy and comfortable in  
 this life, we must avoid the snares laid for



us, and let every parent regard the welfare of their children, and carefully plant in their tender breasts, those seeds of virtue, that no canker can destroy. With the following lines I will conclude my history, which will shew, that my little Friend's mind possessed a perfect calmness when he composed them.

So fades the lovely blooming flower;  
 Frail smiling solace of an hour;  
 So soon our transient comforts fly;  
 And pleasure only blooms to die.  
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye;  
 And faith points upward to the sky;  
 Those blissful regions to explore,  
 Where pleasure blooms to die no more.

THE STORY  
OF  
LITTLE GEORGE.

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AS a number of boys were diverting themselves with play, they were interrupted by a wrinkled old woman, at whom some were frightened and ran away, whilst others ridiculed and called her old witch. The biggest of them, whose name was Henry, had been taught to respect her;

and Little George, who was the youngest, laid hold of Henry's hand for protection, as he had always been his particular friend. This old woman was a Fairy, and named Instruction; and bidding Henry and Little George take heart, she invited them to her castle, where she promised to make



them as happy as the day was long. The castle was an ancient venerable building, and the path to it very much beset with briars. Being arrived, the old woman put a large key, whereon was engraven several strange words, into the door, which opened immediately, and admitted them into a large hall. Then they sat down to a pretty collation of plumb-cakes, bis-

cuits, and sweetmeats, which were brought in by four beautiful damsels, called Innocence, Health, Mirth, and Good Humour.

The hall was supported by pillars of adamant, between which were niches with statues in them. The principal one was Truth: it seemed to be of one entire diamond, and represented a beautiful woman.

The Fairy having touched her with a wand, she stepped down from the pedestal, and addressing Little George, gave him some wholesome admonitions, but particularly against telling lies. She then presented him with a little catechism, bound in silver, enamelled; a pocket bible with ruby clasps, and a small looking glass in a gold case. "These books, (says she) will teach you how to be good, great and happy; and whenever you look into the glass, if you continue true to me, you will behold yourself in your own natural shape, whereas, if you see yourself like some monster, shudder to think that you have departed from mine into the paths of Falsehood." In this case, call aloud upon me, and cease not, till I come to your assistance. So saying she withdrew to her former station.

Then four others, which stood on each side, being touched by the Fairy's wand, came down towards him. The first was a young woman dressed in a snow-white robe, who changed colour every minute. She advanced slowly, and accosted him in a very low voice, as follows:—"My name is Modesty, you will find the advice and assistance I shall now offer you, very necessary in your progress to the top of this castle. Above all things, fear disgrace, which is a filthy puddle in this neighbourhood. Beware of the inchantress Flattery, who will offer you a pleasant cup. As, perhaps, you must taste thereof, take this nosegay, by smelling to which, your head will be preserved from turning, and your senses from stupifying. Smelling to this nosegay will also secure you against the magician Pride, who will attempt either to effect your fall into the pool of disgrace, or puff you up to so monstrous a size, that you will not be able to pass through the narrow ways which lead to true honour." Little George, with many thanks, took the nosegay, and put it into his bosom.

Natural Affection approached next. She

wore rings on every finger, which had been given her by friends and relations. “ Dear George, (says she) I love you for the sake of your parents and friends, whose pictures are painted on the little enamelled box. It is gifted by a Fairy: Take it, and whenever you are in doubt how to act, look upon the paintings, and as your friends seem to smile or frown, you may judge whether your conduct be right or wrong.”

Then Good-temper presented herself before our little hero. She was made entirely of sugar, but as fine and as clear as crystal. She gave him a phial filled with a particular kind of honey and oil. With this she charged him to touch his lips every morning; by which means he would be enabled to refrain from saying any thing peevish, or tending to breed quarrels.

The last figure was Diligence, dressed like a huntress, and remarkable for nimbleness. She sprung to George, and fixed two wings on his shoulders. “ These, (said she) will be of great service to you by and by; but as they will droop whenever the old witch Laziness comes near, (who would change you into a dormouse)

you must gently run this golden spur into your side, on which they will immediately resume their vigour.”

Little George and Henry were then conducted by the good old Fairy into a small neat room, where they went to bed. In the morning Henry was up and dressed before George awoke; whereupon Henry touched his side with the spur, which made him jump up in an instant, all alive and merry. Presently after, as he was busily employed with the presents he had received, in stopt a sober looking man named Application, who offered George a staff, without which he would not be able to make sure footing: but George disregarded what he said, and flew away to a large staircase, where he saw a great many little folks like himself, going up. He stretched his wings, and made several attempts to gain the top; but when he thought he had reached it, he constantly slid back, as if upon sloping ice, to the bottom. Those boys who had succeeded laughed at him, at which he was so mortified, that he could not help crying; and what aggravated his misfortune was, upon looking at his box,



to see his parents and friends frowning and very angry with him. In this dilemma his friend Henry kindly gave him the violets, phial, and staff, by the proper use of all which, little George was enabled to get to the top.

And now a variety of rooms opened to his view, every one of which had delightful prospects. One long gallery was hung with pictures, that represented a thousand agreeable stories. It was called the gallery of Fiction, and was chiefly allotted to Poetry.



Next little George entered the apartment of History, which though not quite

so gay, deserved examination better than the former. The master of it was very good-natured, and ready to satisfy our little hero in any inquiries, so that he was here at once both improved and delighted. A window, however standing open that overlooked a delightful play-field, Little George could not help casting a longing eye upon it. At this moment the Fairy Instruction appeared, and with a smiling look, spoke to him as follows: "I know your thoughts, my dear, and am willing to indulge you in every thing that is reasonable. I give you leave to go home and divert yourself with your friends; but that you may return safely, take this key, which you see is now bright, and has letters upon it. Be sure you rub it every morning, and keep it bright, so that the letters may be read, and then you will meet with a hearty welcome, when you return to this happy seat of learning; but take notice, if you let the key grow rusty, you will be in the utmost danger of falling into disgrace."

She had scarcely done speaking, before there was a loud cry of, the holidays are come; the holidays are come! Immediate-

ly a number of little cherubims appeared in the air crowned with garlands, and away with them flew Little George, but who unluckily, in his haste, left both the staff and spur behind him.

His friends were extremely glad to see him, and listened with delight to his account of the surprising things he had seen. Little George, however, gave himself up so much to play, that he soon forgot his key; nay, when he was one day put in mind of it by seeing Henry very busy in brightening his, he called him a stupid, moping boy, and bid him come and play, for it was time enough yet to do that slavish work. But Henry refused till he had cleaned his key; for he was a steady and diligent boy, and knew the bad consequences of omitting to rub the key, though but for a single day. Little George also, to his great sorrow, was soon convinced of the same, for the time slipped away apace, and the last of the holidays being at hand, he tried to stretch his wings; but alas! they drooped, and he now found and lamented the want of his spur. Poor George could not think of any means by

which he should return to the old Fairy. At length, however, he met with unlooked for assistance: a cloud hung almost over his head, which he feared every minute would burst in thunder; when out of it flew a black eagle, who seized him in her talons, and in a moment carried him to the gates of the Castle of Instruction.

It is true Little George was at the Castle, but how could he get in? He looked at his key, but had the mortification to find that rustier than ever. This threw him into the deepest trouble, and gave him a thorough sight of his folly: and he beheld many of his companions and his friend Henry amongst the foremost, fly over his head with their polished keys; and received with joyful exclamations into the apartments. Stung to the quick at his own situation, he wept bitterly; and at length, in honest distress, cried out, "O Truth! Truth! come to my help:—I have been very idle, but I am very sorry: Truth! Truth! come to my help."

He fainted away with terror as he spoke; but when he recovered, found himself within the Castle, though a little stiff and

sore, with some rough methods that had been used to bring him to himself. Truth and Forgiveness then put him under the care of Amendment, who promised never to forsake him till he got to the top of the Castle. As he was going on, he found himself struck a pretty hard blow by an angry looking man; but it being only to return him his staff and spur, George thanked him for his care and correction. He then doubled his speed, to make up for his lost time. Indeed he was so eager that he soon overtook his companions; and when he came up with his old friend Henry, it is impossible to tell how glad they were to meet with one another again. "My dear George, (said Henry) I rejoiced to see you under the care of Amendment, by whose direction I knew you would be able to overcome all difficulties." "Ah, dear Henry, (answered George) what I have suffered for my idleness and folly will, I am sure, keep me from being guilty of the same again."

And now being arrived at those wonderful rooms they had just had a view of before the holidays, they were immediate-

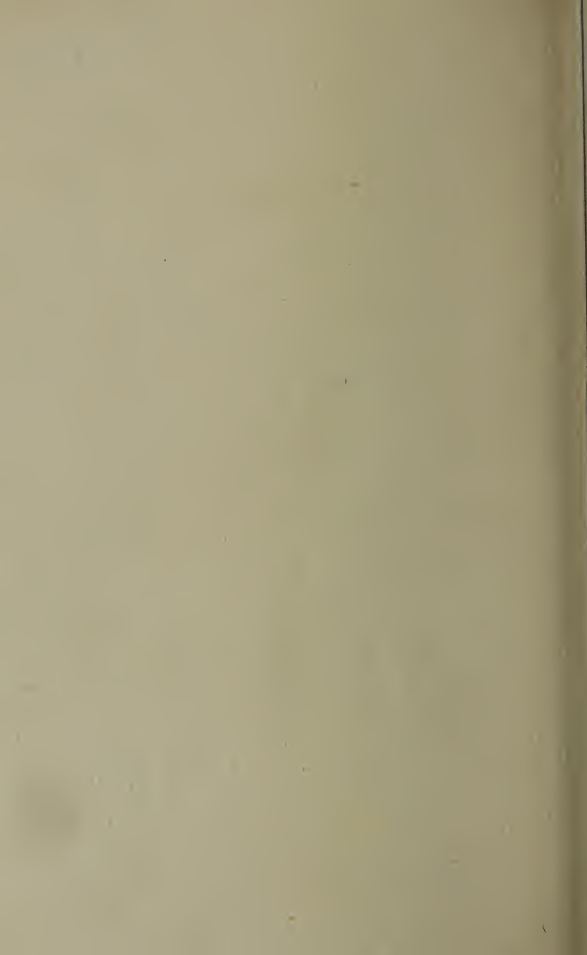
ly admitted. The Fairy Instruction appeared, bid them welcome, and kissed them. Then presenting them with a most curious cabinet of pearl, spoke as follows “As you are now going to search into the inestimable treasures of these apartments you will have need of this cabinet. It is called the Cabinet of Memory, and contains an innumerable variety of boxes and drawers. They have this peculiar property; if you store them with things that are valuable, the more you put in, the more they will hold; but if you stuff them with trash, they will soon become clogged and full of cobwebs. Mind the advice I give you, for it is your own good I wish you to promote. Farewell!

The Fairy spoke these words in so affectionate a manner, as drew tears into Henry's and Little George's eyes; and falling on their knees, they kissed her hand, and gave her the thanks of hearts overflowing with gratitude. She gently raised them up, and kissing them once more, left them to pursue their studies.

Little George and Henry immediately began to examine the curiosities, books,

&c. and were every now and then calling out, to let one another know when they found any thing more remarkable than ordinary, which they placed very carefully in their Cabinets of Memory. In this delightful as well as profitable manner, they passed from room to room, each one being a step higher than the former, till at last they entered the Temple of Honour at the top. The inside was studded with numberless precious gems, every one of which shone like a sun; and the outside consisted of the most transparent crystal, that dazzled the eyes of all beholders. It commanded a boundless prospect; and though it was so high as to be seen in all parts by every body, yet very few were able to come near it; for there was but one way, even that pointed out to Little George by the good old Fairy Instruction. In this blessed abode, of which the above is but a feeble description, Little George and Henry passed their days, happy in themselves, boasted of by their friends, and admired by the whole world.

FINIS.









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